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cheap refrigeration, which again means cheaper meat and fruit); and its coke should be utilized to serve as fuel and producer of water-gas. To do this successfully, however, it is evident that the various manufactures will have to stand in some sort of definite relation to each other, or be parts of one large manufacture. And it is further evident that any readjustment of one of these related manufactures must seriously affect the industry as a whole.

All of this goes to show that, as science makes plain the true relations and connections between the various manufactures, the more important will become these relations and connections, the greater will become the scale of the manufactures, and the cheaper will become the products, until perhaps all manufactures may become one immense manufacture definitely organized and systematized.

The progress of science, which affords methods and appliances by which production can be enormously increased at a decreased expense, must in time bring about the production of the necessary articles of food, clothing, etc., without the employment of so much labor or expenditure of time as is now necessary. *In other words, science will enable the members of a community not alone to exist, but to provide themselves with articles both of necessity and luxury without the application of their whole time to the labor of production.*

As matters now stand, the average man spends his whole available time in work to feed and clothe himself. Beyond this he really does not do very much. He has but little time for study, thought, or experiment, or for the development of the higher mental and spiritual powers which he knows that he possesses, but has not time, means, or opportunity to cultivate.

The consideration of what will be the condition of affairs in the happier time when men can provide for their material wants without paying the entire day's labor for them, and when the energies of the average man can be utilized not only in self-support, but also in self-development, is an extremely interesting question, and one that is worthy of close study and reflection. Whether this means the repression of over-population, or the actual elimination of individuals who are not worthy to be continued, and the consequent survival and development of the higher mental and spiritual powers of man, I am not ready to say; but it seems to me that the tendency is in the direction of limiting the population, in overcrowded communities at least. It is a subject well worthy the consideration of some of our eminent thinkers. There is no doubt that there will be many wild swings of the pendulum before it assumes its true rhythm. But when the population is rightly adjusted and the products of manufactures are equitably divided, we shall have a social state from which nine-tenths of the present sufferings of humanity will have passed away.

PETER TOWNSEND AUSTEN.

II.

TRUTH ABOUT FEMALE CRIMINALS.

EASY-GOING house-mothers used to say that children took, by nature, to dirt, and that it was good for them. Farmers affirmed the same of pigs. We, wiser in our day, declare that cleanliness is natural, as well as profitable, to (unbiassed) pigs and people.

Professional philanthropy comes near setting the brand of "lie" upon this dictum by marked preference for the work of cure above that of prevention. Thousands are zealously expended in building derricks to hoist unfortunates out of a quagmire, where the hundreds which would have paid for fencing it in are grudged.

Private philanthropy flaunts her fondness for dirty cases. While the wretched victim of passion or circumstances can stagger along, Philanthropy steps back against the wall, drawing aside her skirts from contact with the "object." Let him fall into the gutter, and she flies to his side, but not until much floundering in the mud has disguised him out of semblance to humanity is he really "interesting." When the sinner is a woman, she rises from the interesting "object" into a fascinating subject, always provided the offence be gross, and her impudent defiance of law and order incredibly monstrous.

Peccadilloes are vulgar, calling for fan, smelling-bottle, and speedy forgetfulness. If the erring one would gain the distinction of capitalized head-lines and secure a hold upon the sympathy of a Christian public that no revolting details can shake, she must sin with a high hand. If the hand be red with blood, she has made her picturesque calling and election sure.

This plain truth shocks nobody who is conversant with the story of every-day crime. As a psychological problem and sign of the times, it is curiously difficult. Chivalry is not on the increase in any rank of society. More pale women, fit to drop with fatigue, are allowed to stand in public resorts than in the day when the same spectacle in the pit of a London theatre moved Charles Lamb to indignation, and more are dispossessed of lawful places in the misnamed ladies' cabin of the ferry-boat than we saw thus robbed thirty years ago. With the advance of the sex upon the common avenues of business, they are allowed more and more to "take their chance" as men do. Three hundred years ago they hanged English mothers for stealing bread for starving children. It is certainly not respect for women as a class that makes the burly jurymen of to-day, who beats his honest wife when in his cups, shudder at the idea of hanging the poisoner of husband and children, or the abandoned girl who shoots the late partner of her infamy rather than let him marry another.

Wicked women—by so much the worse than wicked men as is the number of the walls they must scale greater than those overvaulted by their brothers to reach like depths of crime—reckon so shrewdly upon this mischievous perversion of popular feeling that one wonders at the blindness which ignores the peril of letting spurious sympathy have play.

The swaggering vaunt of a drunken murderer, "Hanging is played out in New York!" drew the noose tight about his neck, and turned the scales of justice for others deserving the same fate. The feminine criminal is too cunning to echo the rash boast, and thus to tempt reaction of the current she knows runs powerfully in her favor. Before she mixes the potion, and when she loads the pistol, she calculates probabilities, and takes no undue odds when she administers one to the husband of whom she is tired, and empties the other into the heart of the paramour who is tired of her. In those older times to which we have referred, lawmakers checked suicide by ordaining that every woman who killed herself should be dragged, naked and dead, at the cart's tail through the market-place. A masculine murderer may not fear scaffold and halter. The most frenzied woman would forego vengeance were she even *almost* sure that for her life's vista would—should she carry out her fell design—be closed by the black cap, the strangling noose, and the gaping crowd staring at the convulsed, pendant figure. The subtlest touch of knowledge of feminine nature in "The Blithedale Romance" is the expressed belief that Zenobia would never have drowned herself had she guessed how the sodden corpse would look.

Our woman criminal appreciates fully that she runs no risk of such punishment as would be meted out to an equally guilty man, and *acts upon this persuasion*. Native or foreign, young or old, handsome or hideous, she plants herself confidently upon the vantage-ground of SEX.

Of all false claims upon the compassion of the true man this is the most specious. Does he, then, in imagination, link the fallen creature at the bar with the virtuous wife, mother, or sister in his own home? The discovery, in the lily of womanhood he wears in his bosom, of a speck of the foulness that has changed this criminal out of all likeness to her pure sisters, would cause him to cast it aside with loathing. It is not, then, for the sake of those he loves and reverences, as beings of a finer mould than himself, that he condones crime by pitying and pardoning the doer.

"What tender grace will we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying?"

writes Margaret Sangster of the overlauded motto, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" What tender grace does vice gather about itself by the mere accident of gender?

The savage dormant in the gentlest-natured man is not developed in woman; it is *created*. The secret of her shamelessness as a confirmed criminal is to be found in

the debasing effect of successive falls, and the fact that each required a specific effort. She has killed conscience and outlived respect for precedent.

The truism that a bad woman is *all* bad should tell against, not for, the recommendation to mercy. Hysteria, tears, cajolery, are weapons in the use of which she is an adept. That she employs them unscrupulously and well testifies to worthlessness, not to redemptive leaven. That they are effectual with judge and jury, and, above all, with the public, melting into sentimental bathos over breakfast-table reports of the agonies of the convicted prisoner, is an evidence of moral cowardice, and of shortsightedness that would make the many innocent suffer instead of the guilty few.

III.

MARION HARLAND.

THE TRICK OF ALLITERATION.

IS IT not about time for a reaction? The hobby of alliteration is well worn. Chaucer had to stop his ears against the dismal alliterative poems written two centuries before he was old enough to be annoyed by their iterative beat. To-day the editorial pen easily adapts itself to the lowering standard, and the horrid head-lines howl from every page of the daily press. It may be worth while to recall to the literary consciousness the value of alliteration. In the Anglo-Saxon verse the alliterative letter was the initial letter of an important word; as, for instance,

"Ne Forstes Fnaest, ne Fyres blaest."

This made a strong beat on the rhythmic movement, which not only commanded attention, but facilitated its expression and aided memory. While the force of consonantal sounds was thus emphasized on the ear, alliteration, by its inordinate use, soon caused verse to degenerate into a colorless and ineffectual drone. Although King James, in his high esteem for alliterative verse, said, "Let all your verse be Literall" (alliterative), yet Gascoigne, on the other hand, guarding the power of alliteration as sacredly as a lover his mistress, says: "Many writers indulge in repetition of sundrie wordes all beginning with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly used) lendeth good grace to a verse: but they do so hunt a letter to death, that they make it *Crambe*, and *crambebis positum mors est*: therefore *Ne quid nimis*."

Shakespeare, than whom none except our most delicate modern poets have used alliteration with greater refinement, posed his little joke at alliterators in "Raging rocks with shivering shocks," and "Love's Labour's Lost."

There has been no other poetic machinery so misused as that of alliteration. Every deficiency of genius for thought or poetic expression can be more than compensated for, some of our literary hucksters think, if they only daub innocent white paper with word after word beginning with the same letter, or run the same vowel sound to death. Their dexterous manipulation of a line before the rhyme must be faced is equal to their ability to search a common English dictionary. It is a pity that the most subtle means we know of to charm the ear with its indefinite presence should be paraded about, stuffed into bombastic shapes, and placarded ruthlessly under every eye in the most sensational forms. The sensitized eye revolts when it sees a delicate art shamed into naked eye-catching type. "All alliteration for the sake of alliteration is trifling," says Sidney Lanier, in his "Science of English Verse." He then proceeds tersely to say that alliteration "that makes any claim on its own account . . . is felt, through the infinite decorum and gentility which broods at the bottom of art, to be always tawdry, vulgar, and intrusive; . . . and perhaps no more definite caution can be given the student than that all alliteration which attracts any attention as alliteration is *loud*." I have taken the liberty to italicize "loud," for the word, to an American, expresses exactly the attribute which offends the cultivated taste, be it vulgarity either of dress, action, speech, or writing. For alliteration should be used more delicately than the soft-recurring *arietta* in a nocturn. It should haunt the ear less than the seldom music of the whippoorwill that lifts its plaintive *coda* above the rustling of the summer leaves at midnight.

Let us now contrast a few flute-breaths caught from poets with some of the baser trombone blasts rolled from the journalism of our day. I think it was Coleridge